MAYFAIR

Vol. 11 No. 10
50p
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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THE MAN WHO MADE DIAMONDS

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CANADA $1·75 U.S.A. $1·75

MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

OCT 1976 Vol. 11 No. 10 ABC net paid circulation 431,570

Fireball beauty, page 60, Narrow wayfarers, page 70

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

			page
Ace or Knave of Diamonds?	A Victorian alchemist unearthed	*Ivor Smullen*	38
Canal Cavalcade:	The widening appeal of narrowboats	*Andrew Morland*	70
Eternal Oracles:	Greek erotica illustrated	*Ronald Cobb*	95
Sloping Off to Austria:	How Tyrol ski-ing pays for itself	*Kenneth Bound*	98
Carrie:	Fair do's for our stripgirl	*Mario Capaldi*	124

GIRLS

Honesty:	Nude as the day is long		12
Paula:	Coventry's cutest		28
Marianne:	Miss Dracula undressed		43
Victoria:	Maid in Maidstone		52
Lynne:	Our intercontinental ballistic beauty	*Roy Brewington*	59
Jane:	Sugar-sweet, sixteen and sexy		78
Annie:	Return of a top model		84
Sally:	Right up our alley		100

HUMOUR

Rising Stars:	A naughty look at naughtier movies	*Paul White*	19
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Your choice jokes		41
Bren Fun:	Cadet corps capers	*John Hutton*	48
Cold Fronts and Warm Behinds:	The weather business cartooned	*Peter Maddocks*	75

INFORMERS

Motoring:	Rallying round with Denny Hulme	*Pete Lyons*	92
Quest:	How sport turns women on		107

FICTION

The Micawber Institute:	Tight squeeze for a sex therapist	*Edward Cavington*	16

READER SERVICES

Letters/page 6 **Back numbers**/page 26 **Book Club**/page 23
Subscription Details/page 119 **Record Offer**/page 115 **Calendar Offer**/page 90
Film Society/page 99 **Quest back numbers**/page 108

CRITICS	**Books, Films, Clubs**	22

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HONESTY

Honesty giggles at the first question everyone asks her – or is it the second? 'Don't be naughty,' chides this 5 feet 8 inch blonde with the willowy 34-23-34 inch figure and the face that will always seem inescapably English. 'No,' she admits, 'I'm not in the least bit honest. Not if there's something, or someone I really want. I remember I was determined to get off with this incredibly dishy

man at a party once and eventually I got him to give me a lift home. He said he had to get to bed early and I invented a twisted ankle so he had to let me come inside and rest. It was days later before I found out he'd had this terribly important job interview the next morning. I felt awful!' She grins. 'But it was worth it.' Out of *Mayfair's* pages, 21-year-old Honesty Scott earns her daily bread by pounding a variety of typewriters in the Midlands. 'It's very, very boring,' she says, 'but at least temping I get to see new faces all the time, though it's only the male ones that I remember!'

PAULA

Mention Women's Lib to 18-year-old Paula Scott and you're likely to get a violent reaction. 'I might leave my bra off if I felt like it, but it would only be to turn a boyfriend on – not as a political gesture,' asserts this 34–23–34-inch Coventry secretary. 'I don't feel any need to prove I'm as good as a man.' A forthright gaze grows faintly mocking. 'Everyone knows women are far superior to men in any case.' When not expounding such views, Paula works as a private assistant to a director of a middle-sized manufacturing company. 'Not too big to be impersonal, I think that's very important,' says Paula. 'I can call all the directors by their first names, and I have a lovely relationship going with my boss – though we are

strictly friends! And the job can be quite g
promotions and presentations which I do get
materialistic and shallow, but I really do er
good restaurants and going on exotic holida
year and they were absolutely fabulous: it wou
there and sail back for a few parties in the
course! Perhaps I ought to be a lot nicer to my
Dreamy-eyed, she considers the thought a m
is to be totally *pampered*; I had this terribl
reckoned women were good for only two thin
think I'd make an absolutely superb mistress -
because every moment would be important; my
his work or his family and I might get a bet

have to accept at once.' Instantly seriousness dissolves. 'I do sound a hard-hearted lady! The sickening thing is all the men I've really fallen for have been really quite poor and awful to me as well. I seem to have this failing for not very rich people. My first really serious boyfriend asked me away for a naughty weekend once and I was terribly impressed that he was so organised, until the second evening when he suddenly said, "Oh by the way, I've only got enough cash for the one day. You don't mind helping out, do you?" I wouldn't speak to him for hours. He was ever so upset.' Paula, to meet a lady like you, we'd willingly go to Coventry, too.

MARIANNE

Remember that very sexy Brutus jeans TV ad with the catchy theme tune and the bevies of scantily dressed dollies dancing in and out of bathrooms and tight pants ? One of those shapely forms stuck in our minds – and to judge by the number of your letters – yours too. Ever anxious to please, we tracked down 24-year-old actress and model Marianne Morris – whom we here present for a longer, lingering and utterly nude look. Belgian-born Marianne has been a frequent visitor to our television screens since she first took up modelling five years ago. Her credits include ads for Miner's make-up, appearances in the last three Benny Hill spectaculars, the current Mike Yarwood series and her first starring role in the horror/sex epic,

Vampyres, now on general release. There her 37–24–37 inches are featured bared – but not full-frontal – as she makes torrid love with gay abandon, and – in two sizzlingly erotic scenes, one in bed, another in a shower – to blonde co-star Anulka. 'I am not,' insists Marianne,' in the least bit lesbian,' confiding that she consumed an entire bottle of Scotch before her performance and passed out as soon as it was finished! 'In fact I think it's more difficult to do a scene like that with someone you do fancy because you have to be more in control.' Back at home in Orpington, Kent, 5 feet 6 inch Marianne says she's just an ordinary down-to-earth girl. Would they all looked like her.

VICTORIA

You'll all be dismayed to learn that 20-year-old Victoria Symonds is a girl unhappy with her lot. Upset, put out and far from happy. Despite the fact that Victoria's 34-22-35 and kittenish appeal might seem to give her a head start on some of her less fortunate sisters, our Maidstone-born blonde has a grouse. (No, not the feathered kind, Carruthers, read on.) 'I am,' announces Victoria, 'too small. I'd be the first to admit that none of my boyfriends has ever complained, but I'm fed up with being a boobless

bird. Not that I aspire to being a second Chesty Morgan or anything like that – I just wish I had a bit more than I have got up front.' Followers of the maxim 'anything more than a handful is wasted' will doubtless greet these sentiments with dismay and dash off letters of comfort and reassurance. 'That would cheer me up,' admits Victoria, 'but are you so sure that men really *do* fancy small-boobed birds?' Gentlemen, the message is clear. Your answer to Victoria's question will be greatly appreciated.

LYNNE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Though she's only just turned 20, Lynne Davidson's life story sounds like the synopsis of an all-action film. She's travelled over half the world; has been involved in countless scrapes and escapades, yet she still maintains an air of slightly bewildered innocence which, allied to a magnificent 38C–25–37 figure, produces a totally beguiling effect. The story begins in 1974 with Lynne watching television at her home just off Petersham Street in Nottingham. The programme was ATV's 'Today' which featured an item about an all-girl stunt team. 'That,' thought Lynne, 'is for me.' Before you could say 'Evel Kneivel', Lynne had become a human cannonball, soaring distances of between 50 and 60 feet into a safety net. 'The apprehension waiting for the gun to go off was horrible,' maintains Lynne, 'but once you were away it was great. I stuck in the job for six months, but then I got a bit fed up so I left and headed off to Gibraltar where I worked

in a nightclub-cum-disco called *The Club 21*. Actually, that was really only a stop-gap job as I was saving up enough money to go on holiday to Morocco which is exactly what I ended up doing. I got as far as Marrakesch where I met up with some guys on the work crew of a film called *The Man Who Would Be King*. I moved around with them until the filming was complete, then as I didn't have any money and fancied moving on again I worked as an orange picker before going on to Las Palmas.' Lynne grins and pauses for breath. 'In Las Palmas, I met three guys, a Dane, an Australian and a Canadian, who were planning to sail to the West Indies. They had a beautiful 30-foot ketch called *Frøj* which had a green hull and red sails and I

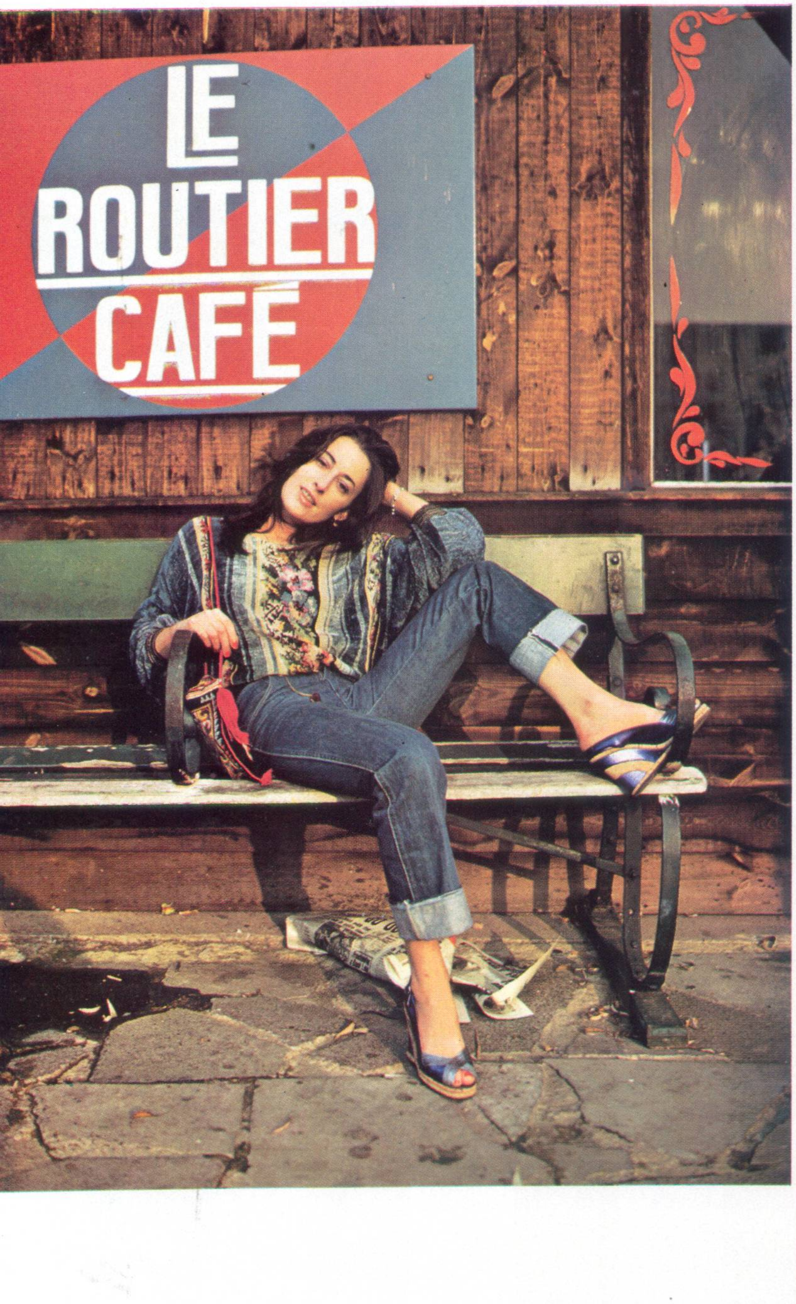
asked if I could go along as their cook and told them I was a very experienced sailor, (a lie!). In the end they said OK, so off we went. I was so ill! But I made it across. It took 29 days and we ended up in Antigua. By this time, I actually *was* quite a proficient seacook, so I fixed myself up as cook on a charter yacht cruising round the Caribbean. As far as adventures go, that was about it. I came back to Nottingham in January of this year and I've been what you might call recuperating.' Lynne's favourite recuperation spot is a pub called *The 17/21 Lancer* in Nottingham's Lenton Boulevard – an establishment renowned for its fine wines, spirited spirits and undoubted recuperative powers. And as for the future? 'Heaven knows,' says Lynne, 'I certainly would never have considered modelling, but Roy Brewington whisked me away and here I am.' She smiles. 'I like the photos too, but I don't know whether I want to do any more modelling. I'll have to think about it. I'll probably end up zooming off somewhere again, but I'll always return home to roost.' Good news, Lynne.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / LYNNE DAVIDSON

The mystique of the mature woman

Annie Walker

Back in the supposedly Swinging Sixties before *Mayfair* and others like it appeared to revolutionise British men's magazines, the 'pin-up' reigned supreme. Black-and-white, coyly posed, tastefully lit studies in which bare boobs were OK, but pubes and sizzle were strictly *verboten*. Even so, despite the blandness of these studies, one girl seemed to project an aura of sexuality that set her apart. Her name was Annie Walker and she was



Kickers

just about the most popular and sought-after model of that time. Some ten years ago though, Annie gave up modelling and opened her own highly successful model agency in north London. She's now 34 years old, a sleek 34–22–34 and pleased to return, if only temporarily, to the modelling scene. 'It's all very different now,' maintains Annie. 'Everything used to be terribly posed, but it's now much more relaxed and natural. I wouldn't have posed for the more blatant pictures that some magazines carry at the moment – I much prefer *Mayfair's* style.' Annie's modelling career began when she was 18, posing for students at the

St. Martin's Art School in London, from which she quickly moved onto magazine work and then her own agency. With Annie's background and past appeal in mind, she seemed to us the natural answer to all your oft-repeated requests for a photoset on an 'older woman'. 'I don't know whether younger men see me as the mature type,' says Annie, 'to be honest it's not something I've really thought about. But I do like to be treated as a woman – being the chased rather than the chaser. I'm not married so I socialise a lot. Men? Oh, those in their thirties usually.' Which says much for their taste. Here's to ten years time Annie.

ALL TOGETHER FOR '77

NEW MAYFAIR CALENDAR

Mayfair's 1977 colour calendars cost £1·35 each, which includes first-class postage, and are sent to you packed flat and crease-free under plain cover. Send your order to: **Mayfair Calendar, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.** Print your order on plain paper if you don't wish to cut this page.

Please send me .... calendars at £1·35 each. I enclose a cheque/postal order for ....

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In *Mayfair's* all-new 1977 calendar there are 12 sparkling all-colour photographs of some of our greatest girls – one luscious lovely for every month, and just the thing to get each month off to a sexy start. There's no need to keep such a good thing all to yourself either: at only £1.35 per calendar, fully inclusive of postage and packaging costs, they make ideal, inexpensive presents for friends or business contacts. Start your New Year now by sending off your order *post haste* because the *Mayfair* calendar is the biggest-seller of its type in Britain and stocks are quickly exhausted. Don't be one of the few to miss out. Mayfair's 1977 colour calendar is also available direct from newsagents.

SALLY

At the tender age of 22 Sally Bishop has a shaved pussy and at least twice a day it needs some attention. Now, before you jump to any false conclusions, let us explain that her pussy is six months old, answers to the name of Charlie, and the careful attention she gives it is of the convalescent variety. Charlie, you see, is a blue Burmese who is recovering from an operation. 'I came home from work

and found him hobbling around,' says Sally, the
visible through the wispy lacy material which makes
who X-rayed him and told me it would cost £50 for a
tured a bone. I couldn't afford it so I said 'no' and too
hospital where they treated him for nothing. But they
his back leg. Oooh, it looks so dreadful – a hairle
Sally is adamant. 'No. I don't think it is particul
have the screaming heebie-zeebies about using a raz
boyfriends once asked me to shave, so I suppose it i
a pubic-hairless woman, but what they find in
nipples tipping her 34 inch unsupported breasts – '
to, do I?' – and with the other eye-catching meas
34 inch hips filling out her hour-glass figure, was

she's long-since been attracted to the glittering lights of London where she works as a temp – when not looking after her cat and man-of-the-moment, that is. 'No, there's not any particular fellow at the moment. I am a firm believer in not committing myself too early . . . Gosh, I'm only 22 and there's a lot I want to see. I can't understand these girls who marry at 18 or 19 and then move into a house three doors away from where they were brought-up – that, as far as I'm concerned defeats the whole purpose of life. I'm a fine one to talk really, I always say I'm going to do things but I never get round to them. I guess that deep down I'm a lazy person . . . But I'll make an effort in the future; it would solve a lot of problems, though, if I met some handsome, well-endowed hunk who would whisk me somewhere.' Well-endowed? 'Monetarily, *and* the other. I suppose I do look at men and wonder what's in their jeans. Lots of girls do, if they're honest enough to admit it.'